And bring her after in the best aduantage;
Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee, we must obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Desdemona.

Iag. What saiest thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkest thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doest, I shall neuer loue thee after it, Why, thou silly Gentleman.

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a prescription, to dye when death is our Physition.

Iag. I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himselfe: ere I would say I would drowne my selfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue? a fig, tis in our selues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, so that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice, set Isop, and weed vp Time; supply it with one gender of hearbes, or distract it with many; either to haue it sterrill with Idlenesse, or manur'd with Industry, why the power, and corrigible Authority of this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our liues had not one scale of reason, to poise another of sensuality; the blood and basenesse of our natures, would conduct vs to most preposterous conclusions. But wee haue reason to coole our raging motions, our carnall stings, our vnbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy selfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I professe me thy friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with cables of perdurable toughnesse; I could neuer better steede thee then now. Put money in thy purse; follow these warres, defeate

defeate thy fauour with an vsurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that *Desdemona* should long continue her loue vnto the Moore, --- put money in thy purse, -- nor he to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration: put but money in thy purse. --- These Moores are changeable in their wills: --- fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now, is as lushious as Locusts, shall be to him shortly as acerbe as the Colloquintida. When shee is sated with his body, shee will finde the error of her choyce; shee must haue change, shee must. Therefore put money in thy purse: if thou wilt needes damme thy selfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a super subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her; therefore make money, --- a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way: seeke thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes?

Iag. Thou art sure of me --- goe, make money --- I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cause is hatred, thine has no lesse reason, let vs be communicatiue in our reuenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him, thou doest thy selfe a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many euents in the womb of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerce, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, Adiue.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning.

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'le be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell: --- doe you heare *Roderigo*?

Rod. what say you?

Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?

Rod. I am chang'd. *Exit Roderigo.*

Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purse:
Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,

And